To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A tweluemonth? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.
Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth an'aday,
And then twill ende.
Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.
Queen. Was not that *Hector?*
Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy.*
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the
ende

ende of our shew.
King. Call them foorth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. Holla, Approch.

Enter all.

Brag. This side is *Hiems,* Winter.
This *Ver,* the Spring: The one maynteined by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow.

B. Ver begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:
And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delight:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men; for thus singes hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus singes he,
Cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in paile:
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,